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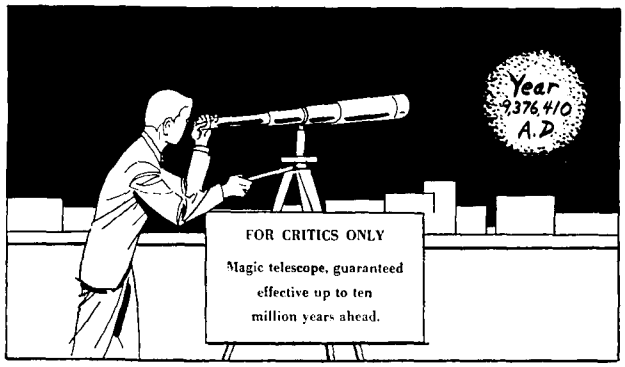

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

The Bank Chain

★ In 1956 Congress laid down a rule: banks and non-banking corporations shall never merge. It was the culmination of 18 years' work begun by Carter Glass. Monopoly danger was too great, Congress said. But the 1956 Bank Holding Company Act had a loophole; it exempted long-term religious, charitable and educational trusts. Theoretically Harvard, the WCTU, or any church was completely free to establish a chain of banks extending across state lines, without any control whatever by the rules of the new Act.

And that, approximately, is what the estate of Alfred I. Du Pont, deceased, did. Senator Paul Douglas says he was assured in executive session that the income of the estate would all go to charity. Wrong! The principal trustee, Edward Ball, a Du Pont brother-in-law, arranged it differently. Since 1935, $119 million has gone to Mrs. Du Pont; $15 million to the Nemours Foundation; $2.4 million to other annuitants. Only 12 percent was irrevocably assigned to charities.

Under the loophole the Du Pont estate did what other bank chains were barred from doing. It sluiced money from banks into commercial entities and profits from the commercial entities back to the banks. It was a fine combination and tax shelter and what, in Teddy Roosevelt's day, would have been called a "Trust." Ed Ball ran it. It started with seven banks, now has 30. It owns 445,000 shares of GM, 764,000 of Du Pont; it is the biggest banking-industrial-railroad-real estate empire in Florida.

It is the biggest landowner. It owns the St. Joe Paper Company and a 99-mile railroad to service it. It owns chunks of real estate (a 17-story center in Miami; a 10-story one in Jacksonville; the fabulous Du Pont Plaza property in Biscayne Bay). One spot in Florida is 170 miles from east to west; 40 from north to south. It owns mayors and congressmen. It acquired, too, the $90 million Florida East Coast railroad. Of course, this charitable loophole racket isn't as juicy as the 27.5-percent tax depletion allowance racket of America's big oil companies, but it has been exploited skillfully.

Two things the Trust hated: taxes and unions. The railroad and the paper companies clashed with state and county officials over taxes. Their enormous integrated power made them very powerful adversaries.

And there was the union-busting drive on the East Coast railroad. A strike there is in its second year. The Du Pont Trust ignored presidential emergency boards. Twice the union agreed to arbitration; management refused. The road has been subject to six injunctions and four contempt orders. It was old Judge Gary of US Steel in modern dress. Even the Du Pont strikebreakers were dissatisfied. On one occasion they struck themselves.

Last week the Senate voted to close the loophole. It said the Trust must split itself up. The House said do it in two years; the cautious Senate five. But first Senator Wallace Bennett (R, Utah) proposed a 12-year extension, and so did Senator Spessard Holland (D for Du Pont) of Florida.

Not Radical

★ Now let us make it plain. Closing this loophole is not a "radical" step. It is backed by the American Bankers Association, the Association of Registered Bank Holding Companies, and by the Federal Reserve Board. The Fed thought two years' grace long enough.

It is often charged that there isn't much difference between Republicans and Democrats in America. Sometimes it's hard to detect the difference, but the GOP generally is the conservative party, ever anxious to defend property. In this case the test vote in the Senate came on the Bennett-Holland amendments. The 12-year amendment was defeated last week, 31 "yea"; 37 "nay." Not a single Republican voted "nay." Voting "aye" were 23 Republicans and eight Southern Democrats.

That's all there is to the story; and maybe it's taken too long to tell. But we thought you'd be interested in federal loopholes and in political parties. The difference between the two parties isn't great, of course; in taking a big, fat lollipop away from an outrageous monopoly the difference is that Democrats say "five," the Republicans "12" – seven years.

What Else Is New?

★ The returned traveler takes stock of Washington after a month; what has happened? Congress seems about where it was; speculation is that it won't do much but won't go home early; members feel that voters expect them to stay in Washington "while a war's on." The Chinese have dropped another bomb; the London *Times* has taken advertisements off the front page, and the *Herald-Tribune*, *World-Telegram* strike isn't settled yet. The Dow-Jones industrial average has dropped from 930 to 880, and President Johnson's Gallup rating from 54 to 46; a whale of a slump in a short time! Yes, it's the Vietnam war.

What else? – Well, Cy Sulzberger in the *NY Times* says "our position [in Saigon] will be materially improved by the substantial battlefield victory that can be looked for before the summer is out." And William Beecher in the *NY Times* says the US plans to send 100,000 more troops this year.

On the world front President Johnson wants a "reappraisal" of US-China policy and the Republican National Committee's "Comment: Radio News" warns against it. The President suggests encouraging East-West trade; the same Republican organ says it is "contrary to US interests"; a view seconded by the National Association of Manufacturers. How's this? – the US Chamber of Commerce is *for* it? Gone pink, eh?

And, finally, Southern segregationists have crashed through again to help the stalled 1966 civil rights bill. Some thought it had no chance in Congress – the housing feature anyway. But the shooting of James Meredith in Mississippi may put it over. You can count on them every time.

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"Black Power"

When an unarmed Negro takes a well-publicized walk along a Mississippi highway to show that Negroes have nothing to fear but fear itself, and is shot by a clearly observable white sniper, with the police and the FBI nearby, how much confidence can we have in white law and order? Reading that story and knowing that for millions of Negroes the American Way is to suffer white indifference, condescension, contempt and physical violence, what white can in good conscience criticize Negroes who come to believe their salvation lies in "black power"?

In a letter to *The New Republic* this week, Todd Gitlin, a former president of Students for a Democratic Society and a partisan of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, has this question in mind. He wonders whether we are not misunderstanding the Negro's need, at this stage in race relations, to have troops of his own to fight his battles. It is important that we not misunderstand. For the new emphasis of SNCC on Negro self-determination has begun to make white liberals wonder whether what the militants say about them could be true. Have white labors for civil rights produced a mouse? Is white concern tinged with insincerity, even hypocrisy? White liberals have not thought so. Thus, when the new chairman of SNCC, Stokely Carmichael, says that integration is "an insidious subterfuge for white supremacy," one is thrown off balance; one looks for some hidden subtlety. For the unsubtle truth is that white supremacy's most malicious champions do not hide their racism behind any subterfuge of integration. Integration is not their watchword or their aim; it *is*, however, the banner under which most people who want "to fulfill these rights" have been marching.

"The power structure," Mr. Carmichael believes, "doesn't want black people to have power. I'm not talking about George Wallace, I'm talking about Bobby Kennedy." The statement shocks, which may be its intent; it also reveals how indiscriminate anger and frustration can be. Still, it is hard to accept at face value. So is Mr. Carmichael's comment on the recent elections in Alabama. "Where," he asks, "were the white moderates . . . who were supposed to join with the Negroes?" Unfortunately, too few of them were there to make the difference, but Mr. Carmichael is not the one to put the question, for he does not urge Negroes to join with white moderates in politics. Quite the opposite, though Negro candidates in Alabama surely won't do much better in two years than they did this spring if there are

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fewer white moderates, or if elections come to be fought over the issue of "black power" versus "white power." In this context, integration, it seems to us, is not a remote goal, but a practical requirement. Without white allies who fight alongside Negroes on many fronts, in desegregated ranks, the battle will go badly.

Now, the heroic, ill-rewarded dedication of the Carmichaels to justice is so admirable that one is hesitant to question their judgment. Yet it is precisely because that dedication is admirable that one wants to get a clearer idea of how they plan to get from A to B and from there to C. To ask for clarification is a tribute. One would not put such a question to, say, the Wallaces (who, incidentally, preach the bracing gospel of white self-sufficiency and racial autonomy to *their* followers). One knows quite well what the Wallaces want, and why it's wrong. But SNCC represents humanism, courage, youth. The direction its militancy takes matters. If "integration is irrelevant," as Mr. Carmichael believes, what is it irrelevant to? Just to Lowndes County – or to the future of Negroes throughout the country? Have we been deceiving ourselves by assuming that most Negroes want the same things as most whites – a good education, a decent home and income, respect, the right to move about freely and participate fully in all that's going on around them? Well, Mr. Carmichael would perhaps respond, we aren't against *that* – but that's pie in the sky; now, today, "integration" as an organizing principle won't move the mass of Negroes to throw off their inhibitions and self-doubts, thereby transforming latent power into kinetic energy. The argument has force, so long as one recognizes that it is double-edged. We have seen, here and abroad, what calls to blood and racial solidarity can lead to, and it's not pleasant.

This is probably too alarmist. SNCC, after all, is not declaring war on whites; it is asking blacks to unite in their self-interest. It remains to be seen, however, what practical gains will result. As an implied threat to the white power structure, "black power" might, temporarily and in special circumstances, wring concessions that might not otherwise be granted. But in domestic as in foreign affairs, threats can be dangerously counter-productive. Mr. Carmichael says frankly that his organization in Lowndes County is "out to take power legally, but if we're stopped by the government from doing it legally, we're going to take it the way everyone else took it, including the way Americans took it in the American Revolution." It is a puzzling "if." Do the advocates of "black power" think the government – the US government – might prevent them from taking offices to which they had been elected?

If "black power" is not simply a tactic of intimidation but is another way of saying that Negroes will get more, faster, by organizing politically, the point is beyond dispute. But how much political impact could Negroes have if they reject a real partnership with like-minded whites? Mr. Carmichael speaks out of his experience in the Black Belt, particularly Lowndes County, which is 80 percent Negro: "We're the majority. We're going to take power in Lowndes County and rule. We don't even want to integrate. We want power, pure unadulterated political power." Having taken it in Lowndes (or in urban ghettoes of the North and West), what then? The Negro is afflicted by the ills of the body politic. His aches and pains are America's; they are not going to be cured by "black power" dominant in a few places in the rural South, or in Harlem. "The future of the Negro struggle," Bayard Rustin wrote a year and a half ago, "depends on whether the contradictions of this society can be resolved by a coalition of progressive forces which becomes the *effective* political majority in the United States."

What, for instance, can "black power" do for thousands and thousands of Negroes who are chronically underpaid or unemployed? The dreary figures persist: 38.6 percent of Negro families have under $3,000 a year; the average white family has nearly double the earnings of the average Negro family; non-white unemployment (7.5 percent) is almost twice that of whites. The same goes for education: proportionate high school attendance for Negroes is about half that for whites. Moreover, as Mr. Rustin has written, "We are in the midst of a technological revolution which is altering the fundamental structure of the labor force, destroying unskilled and semi-skilled jobs – jobs in which Negroes are disproportionately concentrated." A problem of this dimension and complexity is not going to disappear or even be much diminished by "black power." Its solution will only come about when a "consensus" is determined to allocate a far larger share of national resources to education, housing, social services, compensation.

If his organization takes power in Lowndes County, Mr. Carmichael says, it will "tax people the way they should be. If people don't pay the tax, we can auction their land to pay the taxes for them. . . . Then we're going to take all that tax money and build our schools. After we win, we're not going to have to drive to the white folks' part of town to get paved roads." But Lowndes County is not on the moon; it is a county, in a state, in the United States. The panacea is too neat. "In the great boarding house of nature," William James wrote, "the cakes and the butter and the syrup seldom come out so even and leave the plates so clean." American Negroes do not have rights equal to whites, and it will take years and billions of dollars before they do. But neither do they have a separate destiny. We are skeptical of what "black power," suspicious or contemptuous of coalitions, can accomplish.

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I Dreamt I Was a Spy

Senator Edward Long's committee on snooping opened an inquiry last week into industrial espionage. Some of this was standard stuff: Watson "Steve" Roper, a former FBI agent now working as a private detective in Florida, told how he took a subcontract job from a Maryland detective agency which wanted to find out whether an unnamed assistant district attorney was a homosexual. The assistant DA was in Miami for a convention; one of Roper's men lured him into a hotel room that was bugged and rigged for taking pictures. Proof was obtained.

Bernard Bates Spindel, described recently by *Life* as the nation's "No. 1 big-league, freelance eavesdropper and wiretapper," said it was common practice in New York City for interested parties to bug offices of attorneys so that their conversations with clients might be overheard. The phone companies cooperated in placing taps; it was standard practice for them to place taps at the request of law enforcement officials with or without court orders. He said policemen themselves bought eavesdropping equipment with their own cash to listen in on bookmakers so they could determine how big a cut to ask for. Jesse Hitt, a Washington locksmith, said private detectives had master keys to hotel rooms in the District of Columbia. An article from the *Boston Traveler* was introduced which described how five Harvard and MIT students had figured out the language of the telephone system, and were able to call anywhere in the world free and listen in to any conversation. This would be useful to private detectives.

The most interesting testimony came from Ben Jamil, president of Continental Telephone Supply Company, Inc., a New York firm that makes electronic eavesdropping equipment "to satisfy the spy in you." Jamil started in business four years ago selling decorator telephones, then branched off into making telephone-answering systems, which in turn led him into designing sophisticated alarm signals. One system called "Robot Guard" is programmed so that if your house catches fire in your absence, it will call the fire department, the police department, the insurance broker, and, if you tell the gadget where you will be, it will call you. In the course of all this, Jamil said, "I became aware that the American public was becoming fascinated with electronic spy gimmicks. The adult comic book world of James Bond and Napoleon Solo had captured the imagination of the man-in-the-street." He set out to fill the needs of the man who "wants to act out his daydreams of being a flesh-and-blood James Bond." Jamil showed Long some gadgets that can be used to bug and tap. One item was particularly popular among auto salesmen, he said. They would put a bug in a new car that was for sale, then take the prospective customer out for a ride. On finishing his spiel, the salesman would retire gracefully to his office while the customers made a decision. Once in his office, he would turn on the receiver, and listen to the customers expressing their doubts; a short time later the salesman would reappear, ready to overcome obstacles.

Continental furnishes police and private detectives with equipment but does most of its business in the James Bond market. It gets letters every week asking for information. A recent one from a distaught mother began, "Am writing you for information and the prices of the various investigative accessories as mentioned in several magazines and also on TV. I am interested in the 'bug' of clear plastic insert that is placed in the mouthpiece of phone – also table lamp 'Whisper Light,' etc. This is very important to me as I have a teen-age daughter who seems to be in the wrong company and might be getting into serious trouble and is defiant. . . . I must know what is going on over the phone and what is said in her room to the girls she brings home. . . ."

"Naturally, the fact that a few people misuse some of the devices we market concerns us," Jamil said. "But it concerns me the same way the manufacturer of razor blades, kitchen knives, or high-powered automobiles would be concerned if his products were used for illegal acts for which they were not intended." And if people are worried for fear rooms are bugged or phones tapped, Continental makes 20 different anti-bugging and tapping-detection devices.

Jamil suggested that the business of bugging may lead to diversification. Continental, for example, is beginning to explore the field of electronic medicine. "We are now able to 'bug' the human heart," he said. A small transmitter can be inserted under the skin of a heart patient in a hospital. If his heartbeat fluctuates above or below a normal level, an alarm will ring at the nurse's station. Another device may be helpful to people with chronic heart conditions. The patient, who feels unwell, calls his doctor, places an electronic bug to his chest and then to the phone. The doctor hooks up his end of the unit to an electrocardiogram.

"This is an exciting and challenging area," Jamil said. Continental will bring its resources to bear in developing "an entire spectrum of electronic products that can be of service to the American public."

Politics in California

Election Day in California has become the nation's biggest political circus. Last week's primary had all rings filled, plus an assortment of sideshows and freaks. Into just what category Ronald Reagan fits it is difficult to say, but he was the star attraction. He won the Republican gubernatorial nomination two-to-one over former

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San Francisco Mayor George Christopher. The excitement Reagan's victory has produced in his camp (a few weeks ago he and Christopher were thought to be neck-and-neck) might just carry him through the election in November and overpower Governor Brown.

Brown made a wretched showing against Los Angeles' clownish Mayor Sam Yorty; the Governor could only eke out a four-to-three majority, and Yorty made inroads even in Brown's traditional stronghold of Northern California. If the rough patterns hold, many Yorty votes will go to Reagan and Christopher votes will go to Brown; that means Brown is in trouble.

Reagan's popularity was in large part due to his opponent's inadequacies. Christopher has an immigrant-made-good, Honey Fitz-West style that is unappealing in the California climate. He failed to make a case against Reagan, who ranged all over the field appealing to moderates as well as conservatives. Despite some last-minute nods to the far right, Reagan successfully played the role of the concerned man in the middle. The contest (unlike the Goldwater fight two years ago) was primarily one of images not issues.

But the most intriguing statewide figure to emerge last Tuesday was Tom Braden, the (appointed) head of the California Board of Education, who ran for the lieutenant governorship nomination. The incumbent, Glenn Anderson, won; but Braden's vote was cut deeply by the third man in the race, former State Department Protocol Chief Lloyd Hand (Anderson barely got half of the total vote). Californians had constructed elaborate conspiracy theories to explain the race – Braden was presumed to be "Bobby Kennedy's man," Hand was sent out by President Johnson or Vice President Humphrey, Pat Brown was conniving to dump Anderson, and Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh was lurking, as always, in the shadows. It probably never happened that way, but the effect has been that Braden is a natural leader of a large activist element of the Democratic Party – in other words, Bobby's people. In California politics, parties out of power tend to fall into the hands of their ideologues – the Republicans to the conservatives and the Democrats to the left-liberals. If Brown loses the third-term reelection, Braden is a logical man to pick up the pieces.

Things seem to be falling apart; the Democratic center cannot hold. The *San Francisco Chronicle* found "militancy on the left, power on the right, chaos in the middle" in the primary results. The clearest evidence of that new order was Robert Scheer's strong "New Left" congressional campaign against the liberal incumbent, Rep. Jeffery Cohelan, in Berkeley and Oakland (*NR*, June 4). Scheer had 1,200 volunteers out on primary day, covered the district with "issue" literature (antiwar, antidiscrimination, antipoverty, antiliberal) and got 45 percent of the vote, more even than Cohelan had feared. Scheer apparently carried Berkeley and won in the Negro ghetto in Oakland. Far from disappointed, the Scheer campaigners seemed to derive some energy from the result. On the morning after the election, Scheer led a demonstration at the Oakland school board against de facto segregation.

Medical Care in New York

Governor Rockefeller went on statewide television a month ago to explain to the people of New York "the truth about medical assistance" – the new program of federal-state financed medical care which may soon be available to eight million New Yorkers ("Care for the Not-So-Poor," *NR*, June 4). His appearance came after the plan had been approved by the state legislature and been signed into law. The bill had been relatively uncontroversial until then; the victory preceded the war.

New York for many years has had the most progressive medical services in the country. A family of four with an income of less than $5,200, for instance, has been eligible for free hospital care. But when the Senate and Assembly decided that the cutoff should be raised to $6,000 and that coverage should be extended to some who had earlier not qualified for "welfare," howls began to be heard from outside New York City.

The medical assistance story has been page-one news in many New York communities every day for the last month. One county complained that 70 percent of its population was poor enough to qualify as medically indigent, and that for the county to ante up its part of the state share would necessitate raising real estate taxes. The welfare administrator of another upstate county, it was said, reckoned that he himself would qualify under the liberal income criteria set by the legislature. In Washington some congressional Democrats, notably Rep. Samuel S. Stratton and Rep. Joseph Y. Resnick, have been among those most vociferously critical. ("I never thought I'd see the day," someone quipped, "when Democratic congressmen accuse a Republican governor of enacting a socialistic program.")

Senator Javits, who likes the idea but doesn't know whether to trust Rockefeller's cost figures, called a meeting in Washington attended by the governor, 18 New York congressmen or their representatives and HEW officials. He hoped it would resolve some of the questions that have been raised and help HEW decide by the end of this month whether to approve New York's participation. It might prove very expensive. (Congressman Resnick estimated that the New York program alone could cost as much as $1 billion a year.)

Congress does not fix limits on federal expenditures for health and welfare programs. When HEW underestimates its needs, it can generally come back and get

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a supplementary appropriation. But there has been grumbling in the House Ways and Means and Appropriations Committees that this procedure gives them no "control" over welfare appropriations. Sharp reaction to an approved New York medical assistance program might result in pressure for restraints on HEW.

New York's plan, submitted under Title XIX of last year's social security amendments, is far more liberal than any of those submitted to HEW by the seven other states (and Puerto Rico) which have enacted similar health care plans. Granting discrepancies in living and medical costs from state to state, there remains a huge gulf between what is proposed for New York, and, say, Hawaii, which requires that a family of four must earn less than $3,000 to qualify for care and which provides only minimal services. But attempts to cut down New York's benefits to below what existing medical programs in the state provide (as former Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Marion B. Folsom has in effect suggested) are, as Rep. William F. Ryan pointed out, not so much motivated by economy as by philosophical objections to providing health benefits to any but the indigent.

Governor Rockefeller has estimated that in the next year no more than two million people of the eight million theoretically eligible in New York will require care and that $532 million ($217 million in federal funds, $171 million in state, and $144 million in local) will cover the costs. These figures do not represent substantial increases over past expenditures and are probably more reasonable than the alarmist figures put forward by those who assume that all eight million eligibles will simultaneously flock to doctors, causing costs to soar to $1 billion. HEW officials point out that no estimates can be accurate since there are too many variables in such a new venture. It must first be tried.

Aid to Vietnam

It happened in Korea, it happened in Laos and it's happening in South Vietnam; widespread business corruption born of war and inflation and nurtured on US aid. In fiscal 1967, $550 million or 71 percent of all US economic aid will go to South Vietnam. The sum is more than double what it was in fiscal 1965. $550 million is not a fantastically large amount; it works out to about $40 for every man, woman and child in South Vietnam. But, of course, they don't get it, any more than the ordinary Koreans or Laotians got our aid. As with those countries, the aid dollars to South Vietnam enrich native businessmen who are licensed by their government to import American goods. What they import, and what they do with the goods, is largely their own affair. It shouldn't be; they are getting the stuff at extraordinary cut rates, at the American taxpayer's expense. The currency exchange rate specially set for those transactions is 60 South Vietnamese piasters to the US dollar, but even the official rate for piasters is 118 to the dollar, and the black market (which means the going) rate is 200. You don't have to be an economist to figure out what happens in those circumstances. The Saigon businessmen can and do make terrific profits when they resell the goods. The American exporters are paid in tax dollars, by the US government, so what happens to the goods they sell is no concern of theirs.

The aim of those heavily subsidized imports into Vietnam, it's solemnly said, is to stop inflation and promote economic stability. What it really does is make fortunes for a few; but that's not all. Congressmen just back from Saigon found that the get-rich-quick importers were doing more than squandering US aid money on tons of hair spray for sale on the black market. They have imported massive quantities of silver nitrate and unicel, chemicals used in making high explosives, and the strong suspicion is that these and other US imports mainly benefited the Viet Cong.

How all this can have been allowed to happen, when almost identical commodity import programs led to parallel abuses in Korea and Laos years ago, is something for the Agency for International Development to explain. It is especially iniquitous to waste aid funds in Vietnam when there are so many urgent needs there. Last week, *New York Times* correspondent Neil Sheehan reported to his paper on conditions in a civilian hospital at Cantho in the Mekong Delta, where seven American doctors and eight nurses work with five Vietnamese doctors trying to save the lives of the 500 badly wounded peasants who somehow drag themselves to the hospital each month, three-fifths of them requiring major surgery because they have been shot at from helicopters, hit by mortar fragments and burned with napalm. The hospital has only two ambulances, and no helicopters. Badly wounded women share narrow iron cots, with no sheets or mattresses, because of the shortage of beds. The overcrowded hospital, which serves almost a half million people, is dilapidated, dirty, infested with rats. There is no room, and no attempt, to isolate patients with contagious diseases like typhoid fever, cholera and amoebic dysentery. The sewers consist of open drains. There is a chronic shortage of whole blood. Sick babies die in the 105 degree heat. Some patients' lives could be saved if they could be evacuated to Saigon by air; but the US and the Vietnamese military have both refused to carry them in their aircraft.

No, $550 million aid to South Vietnam isn't too much. But why can't it go to the right people for the right things?

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The Dock Workers' Strike

"How Will Wilson Get Out of This One?"

London

Britain is fast losing interest in the strike of its seamen. Far from bringing the country to a standstill, the initial weeks of the strike so lacked impact that a grateful public has gone back to the post-election apathy to which it considers itself entitled. True, would-be cross-Channel trippers were hung up at Whitsun, and there was much queue-jumping and harsh temper in the fight to get on the few available foreign ferries; true too, that the Orkney islanders to the far north have been driven to smashing the stocks of eggs they had hoped to shift to the mainland; but up and down the country there is minimal dislocation, food is in good supply, prices are reasonably stable. There is no austerity, no panic, no real sign of the emergency said to exist, and still less any need to invoke once again the Dunkirk spirit. For those with wartime nostalgia it is rather disappointing.

The seamen are disappointed too. The logistics of the strike are such that it will take a good four weeks to clog up the ports, eight weeks or more to bring most of the ships to a stop; pre-strike assumptions were that both phases would be much shorter. What's more, exporters have been quite nimble in switching their goods to foreign shippers, and among the importers the oil companies in particular have gone in for heavy re-routing to get oil into Britain under non-British flags, and sending the British tankers elsewhere. The seamen's union has caught on to that one, and is now busy boycotting substitute tankers. Then, in what will be the final effort to make the strike effective, the union might try through the International Transport Workers Federation to get British ships stopped the world over, and try, too, to persuade the dockers in Britain not to unload cargo coming in under foreign banners. William Hogarth, their leader, estimates: "If we stopped these foreign ships coming here, this country would really be in a bloody mess in a fortnight."

The government has already jumped the gun just in case and declared a state of emergency so that it could take swift action, if necessary, without having to recall Parliament from its Whitsun holiday. The powers the government now has include moving ships around in the docks, deciding which ships should be allowed to berth, which ships should be allowed to unload, bringing in non-union labor to shift cargo, and controlling food supplies and putting a ceiling on prices. So battle positions are drawn up, and the situation would be very serious if it were not for the fact that neither the government, nor the seamen, nor the public, really believes the phony war will turn vicious.

A solution is supposed to come out of a four-man inquiry set up by the government. The seamen want a reduction in their working-week from 56 hours to 40, and pay adjustments which would add up to an increase of 17 percent. The owners have offered 5 percent this year, and 4 percent for the next two, with the reduction to a 40-hour week staggered over that time. The seamen complain that the owners misused the 56-hour system by treating it as 56 hours' real work instead of 56 hours on board, and they complain too that the archaic 19th-Century Merchant Shipping Act that governs life on the high seas with stern discipline and fines is quite out of keeping with 1966. The owners acknowledge the point about discipline, and to some extent the charge of overworking, but answer that an effective pay increase of 17 percent would be a stiff burden for cargo and tanker fleets, and almost a crippling imposition on the passenger liners whose profit margins are very low. Time-honored compromise procedure would be to split the difference, take the seamen's 17-percent claim and the owners' 5-percent initial offer, and average out at 11 percent. The trouble with this is not that the seamen would refuse it – they probably would accept – and not that it is well over the 3-3.5 percent norm of the incomes policy – so too were the awards to the doctors, and the railwaymen, and the postal workers – but that it would be an open defeat for Prime Minister Wilson on ground of the seamen's own choosing.

"To accept this demand," Wilson told the nation over television, "would breach the dikes of our prices and incomes policy. Our determination to insist on these principles when the cost is so great will be taken by everyone, here and abroad, as a proof of our determination to make that policy effective." Bold words, and no doubt that, in the government's view, this was make-or-break time in what Wilson has called Britain's make-or-break year. But immediately the stand ran into trouble within the Labour Party, with criticism of the way Wilson set the seamen against the state as well as against the owners; and MPs sympathetic to the seamen's case pointedly organized a collection for the seamen's strike fund. None of this was particularly unwelcome to the government, which expected and had asked for a rough ride, but the slowness with which the strike built up and the consequent public apathy were much more serious, for they sapped the confrontation of all drama, and politically of much of its point. Instead of a sharp decisive conflict between a union and the government, Wilson is left with a long drawn out labor relations mess of so little glamor that the public no

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longer cares, or even knows, whether the dike is about to be breached again or not.

Small wonder then that within the government faith in persuasion and reason as weapons for wage restraint have taken a sharp knock. Increasingly Treasury talk turns to the alternative of a straight, no-nonsense wage freeze as the best way, the only way, to tackle inflation. The fudged exercise of the seamen's strike will, despite the ingenuities of the exporters, leave Britain £20 million a month worse off on its balance-of-payments account, and has put an end to any lingering hopes of getting into the black this year. The reserves too have slipped another £38 million in a month as a result of nervous reaction to the strike. The government will be hard put to find joy anywhere: the economic drain they knew the strike would mean has been less than they feared, but still considerable; the counter-balancing advantage of an income policy seen to be effective is as far off as ever.

Critics of the government, both within and without the Labour Party, are ready to see in this exercise yet one more example of a non-event, to set alongside the lack of a clear policy over Rhodesia, over the Common Market, over Britain's role East of Suez, over Britain's nuclear force, over steel nationalization. There is a growing hunger within the Labour ranks to know just what sort of government and what sort of policies they are meant to be supporting. This pressure for government decision, and declared decision at that, is not echoed by their leader. He prefers to duck and weave in and around the issues, one month sanctions against Rhodesia, the next subdued negotiations; one month a tough line on Europe, the next insistent probing; one month the incomes policy to the death, the next. . . .

But the public are not disillusioned by Wilson's style. They take evident relish in seeing how he "will get out of this one," the more so because experience tells them he will do it in the way that offends the smallest number. The Cassandras say this cannot go on forever, that the day must come when he has to make the public feel the urgency of what he says is urgent, and that that day is brought nearer by a compromise outcome to the seamen's strike. The public, however, having lived quite happily with one state of emergency, will not be unduly put out by another. They trust Wilson to see to it that any chickens are an unconscionably long time coming home to roost.

BRIAN WENHAM

Nike-X: Who Needs It?

The United States has never tried to build a defense against missiles to add to its anti-bomber defenses. In the current debate over whether it should try to build one (Nike-X), a host of arguments – some for and some against – that are actually of little or no significance, have gained surprisingly great credence. It is argued, for example, that a ballistic missile defense would be worth $10 billion just to protect against accidental missile firings. But the chance of accident is virtually zero. Unimportant also is the argument that missile defenses would discourage potential adversaries from becoming a nuclear power. Is this supposed to refer to Indonesia, South Africa or whom? Nobody seems to know. Anyway, countries now thinking of building a nuclear weapon are not concerned with their capacity to penetrate a missile defense of *ours;* they want to threaten or deter their neighbors, or just to have a bomb. Moreover, they would be peculiar indeed, when beginning to work on a bomb, to be discouraged by problems of penetration destined to arise a decade or more hence.

Another unreal argument for missile defense suggests that it would, at least, discourage the Chinese from building ballistic missiles. But ballistic missiles are a standard status symbol and a very effective weapon for threatening the rest of the world. And why would the Chinese fear that our defense would be literally airtight against their missiles? Even we are not that optimistic.

Still another argument proposes that our missile defense might help persuade the Indians to forego a nuclear weapon of their own, by enhancing their confidence in our willingness to defend them. But this is the line which we now systematically deny in Europe – that our willingness to defend others should be equated to our capacity to defend ourselves. To accept its premises, by building missile defenses for this purpose, is only to give a false argument greater persuasiveness. In any case, much of Indian motivation to become a nuclear power is quite independent of the problem of "guarantees": some of it is based on fear of major power differences which a spiraling arms race, induced by missile defenses, would encourage.

Finally, some would suggest that Nike-X is necessary because the Chinese are irrational, or incapable of calculating the effects of an attack upon us. They assume that Mao's estimate of 300 million Chinese dead in a nuclear war was said boastfully, rather than sober-

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ly. And, unfamiliar with Chinese propaganda, they naïvely accept statements minimizing our nuclear capability as a realistic indication of Chinese intentions. The argument is part of a widespread hysteria concerning China, based ultimately on tong-war movies and inscrutable laundrymen. It is noteworthy also that this argument is premature by a few to several years and possibly more; Defense Secretary Robert McNamara recently testified that there was no evidence of Chinese work on intercontinental ballistic missiles, and the decade or more required by the Chinese to build them is about twice the period required to build our defense.

There are also some very misleading arguments *against* missile defenses – for example, that the Russians might be so frightened by Nike-X as to attack us. The defenses are not effective enough to generate such fear since tens of millions of US casualties and a hundred million in Europe would still be hostage to Soviet weapons – and for all anyone will ever know in advance, the missile defenses might not work at all. Moreover, the Russians are even more sympathetic to defenses of this kind than we; a Russian spokesman, General Talensky, has specifically derided the argument that missile defenses on either side might themselves induce a war.

A second quite incorrect argument against defenses asserts that they are impractical because the fallout from interceptors might be worse than suffering the attack. But the much larger incoming warheads would otherwise impact on the ground, with enormous blast and heat effects and heavy local fallout, whereas the missile interceptors' blast effects might only rattle windows, and their fallout would be dispersed through the atmosphere around the world.

The important and real present arguments concerning missile defense are these. In its favor, there is the fact that it would save many lives if a very unlikely nuclear war occurred with the Soviet Union. How many lives, only those bemused by calculations would dare to guess; it might work quite well and it might work quite badly – in either case, for reasons largely beyond mathematical analysis.

The important arguments against a missile defense are simple also: it is very unlikely to be needed; it is very expensive to build and maintain; it will induce eventually still further increases in Soviet weapons – thereby initiating a new round in a competition that might otherwise die down; its attendant fallout-shelter program will be divisive in its impact upon us; and a purchase so far-reaching in its implications can give rise to unanticipated issues – and be mishandled in unexpected ways – that would be far better avoided.

It is noteworthy and relevant that none of the arguments stated so far depend in any way on whether the Soviet Union builds a small missile defense or a large one or none at all. US preparations to ensure our capacity to penetrate a Soviet defense go on all the time in either case. And, whatever the Soviet Union decides, we will, can, ought and must argue that their defense is useless against our missiles. For these reasons, it should be politically feasible for the Administration to argue that we need not match a Soviet defense – that one mistake does not deserve another. It is, after all, time to stop playing games of psychological warfare with tens of billions of dollars. We should buy, as Secretary McNamara is so fond of saying, "only what we need," and, in this use of the injunction, the emphasis should be on "we." As he put it this year, Nike-X would not "add measurably to our safety." This is no less likely to be true next year; certainly it is independent of the existence of any Soviet defensive efforts – the answer to defense is offense.

It would be ironic if, after being satisfied through 20 years of cold war with no civil defense and with ineffective bomber defenses, we greeted the thawing of confrontation with many billions for Nike-X. By the time we built it – as was the case with our air defense system – we would already be wondering why we had done it. And, again as with air defenses, we would have become unwilling to pay for those improvements required to combat on-going changes in Soviet offensive technology and tactics.

It is not only the course of the confrontation and McNamara's statements, but also Lyndon Johnson's programs, that lend themselves to continued deferment of Nike-X. Johnson's Great Society can ill-afford it. The bill for Vietnam is in the $10-billion to $15-billion range annually; missile defenses and their attendant programs might absorb $5 billion to $10 billion more for each of five initial years. Time and money can run out on President Johnson's bid to remake the nation.

JEREMY J. STONE

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COMING: *Lindsay's first six months as mayor of New York City, by William V. Shannon*

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De Gaulle's Mission to Moscow

by Philip Ben

Why is de Gaulle going to Moscow next week? "Because of Lyndon Johnson, Ludwig Erhard, Dean Rusk and Gerhard Schroeder; and because of the policy of isolating France from her European allies, initiated by President Kennedy and his Harvard braintrusters." That is the answer given by French officials whose duty it is to explain de Gaulle's policy to baffled foreigners.

In signing a treaty of collaboration with Konrad Adenauer in 1963, de Gaulle believed that he had redeemed two earlier failures – first his inability to persuade President Eisenhower, and later John F. Kennedy, to let an American-British-French triumvirate lead the Western Alliance and set common world policy; then, his failure to persuade France's partners in the Common Market to establish a "Europe of Homelands" in which France would play the principal role. A Franco-German alliance, which is what de Gaulle meant the agreement with Adenauer to be, would have been led politically, militarily and intellectually by France, thus assuring her hegemony in Western Europe and reestablishing her as a world power, a status which her resources alone cannot give her.

But for John Kennedy, the prospect of West Germany's being more intimate with Paris than with Washington was hateful. The history of American pressures on the successors of Konrad Adenauer to downgrade the agreement with de Gaulle remains to be written, but Paris believes that Bonn would not have behaved as it has recently without Washington's encouragement.

How often have de Gaulle's opponents in France caustically referred to the "grotesque alliance" with Adenauer, pointing out that even before the ink on the agreement was dry, Franco-German relations had reverted to mutual suspicion and thinly veiled contempt. Since 1963, on almost every significant issue in European or world politics, France and Germany have been at odds: the quarrel over British participation in the Common Market, the crisis over Common Market agriculture, the various proposals for an MLF or an Atlantic Nuclear Force, the Kennedy round of tariff negotiations. The Great Charles is easily slighted and the humiliations pile up. Kennedy, though he did not relish too passionate an affair between France and Germany, had no great sympathy for Bonn, her leaders and her interests. But in this Johnson era, every visit to Washington or to the Texas ranch of Professor Erhard and his foreign minister, has seemed a festival of friendship and has left little doubt that West Germany is the United States' most important and trusted ally.

It took little imagination on the part of an experienced politician to think up a way by which to counterbalance this American-German intimacy: a turn toward Moscow. American and German policies being what they are, what is surprising about the French-Soviet flirtation is that it has started so late.

Still, there were serious psychological obstacles both in Paris and in Moscow. Until about a year ago, each of de Gaulle's biannual press conferences exhibited anti-Soviet theories and anti-Soviet sentiments of unparalleled magnitude in the '60's. Everything the General said about the US was but a delicate critique, compared to the views he expressed about Soviet methods and purposes. But more disturbing to Moscow were the General's deeds. How could they forget that during the Berlin crisis of 1961 it was de Gaulle who advocated the toughest response to Soviet demands? (Those who do not remember would do well to read Arthur Schlesinger Jr.'s *A Thousand Days*, whose account also throws light on de Gaulle's attitude toward NATO and on Kennedy's policy, adopted at the State Department's insistence, of fighting French supremacy over Germany.) How many State Department "position papers" offering various "accommodations" on Berlin, proposals which caused panic in Bonn, were wrecked by de Gaulle's veto? And could Moscow forget that the de Gaulle-Adenauer friendship was for a brief period a nightmare to all the Communist regimes in Europe? And how could it not recall that France's recognition of Communist China was not only a rebuff to Washington, but a calculated slap at Russia? Finally, could the Soviet leaders ignore de Gaulle's vision of a "Europe from the Atlantic to the Urals" – which vision, vague though it was, could only mean that de Gaulle looked to the day when Russia, minus Siberia and all her other possessions in Asia, would have no choice but to become part of Europe, and thereby no longer a super-power?

No, for quite a while the Kremlin could not close its eyes to this "deplorable" record. And so, for as long as Nikita Khrushchev was in power, the Russians paid little attention to France's growing quarrel with Wash-

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ington; Khrushchev was interested in coexistence with the US and not much else in the West.

But Khrushchev's successors, who in the beginning appeared even more interested than he in peaceful coexistence with the Americans, found that this would only be possible if they were to ignore the war in Vietnam and the mounting American intervention there. It was asking too much. Rejecting the American suggestion that Washington and Moscow do "business as usual," the Russians decided, sometime early in 1965 when there was so much talk of Bonn's "getting a finger on the atomic trigger," to start smiling at de Gaulle.

Those in a position to know what went on when the Soviet foreign minister was feted in Paris last spring and when the French foreign minister reciprocated by going to Moscow last autumn, were struck by how little business was transacted, how careful both sides were in drafting every word of their communiqué, how anxious each was to stress that what brought them together was self-interest and not sentiment. All Paris and Moscow had in common at that time were their quarrels with Washington and Bonn, though they were not the same quarrels.

To put de Gaulle's June 20-July 5 trip to Moscow in perspective, we must remember that since last fall, the General has been signaling, privately, his fears about future German policy. He had begun to suspect Bonn of really wanting atomic arms and of preparing to avenge Hitler's defeat, or at least of working to regain territories lost in the East. He now seems to think that that is exactly where the policy of Herr Schroeder and the encouragement Bonn is getting from Washington will lead. Washington's attitude since de Gaulle's denunciation of the NATO agreements has only strengthened his suspicions.

De Gaulle's Moscow journey may therefore produce something quite different from what had been intended earlier this year. Last March, a French official involved in the arduous job of preparing the details of the trip reacted vigorously when asked whether any important political business would be transacted. "This is not a political occasion; it will be splendor, lots of symbols, lots of color, lots of historic reminiscence. France will meet Russia once again. It will be a new version of the Bayeux tapestry." If there were political overtones to the visit, they were secondary. For instance, the Russians very much wanted the General to travel somewhere beyond the Urals, probably in order to convince him that Russia does not end at that chain of mountains, and that the old geographic division between Europe and Asia has become meaningless. Or perhaps they considered that de Gaulle's presence would represent a kind of recognition for the legitimacy of Soviet domination of Siberia and of Middle Asia. Anyway, de Gaulle did agree to visit the great Siberian metropolis of Novosybirsk (to which, normally, foreigners are not admitted). But he refused the Soviet offer to take him to Tashkent, the capital of Uzbekistan. The reason for his refusal, so I was told, was that the General thought Peking might be offended. At that time, the highest French officials were emphasizing that de Gaulle would enter into no new agreements while in Moscow.

But speaking a few weeks ago in the National Assembly, the foreign minister, Couve de Murville, modified this assurance: "No agreement will be signed in Moscow, at least no military agreement." This, of course, does not exclude a moderately worded denunciation of American policy in Vietnam, and probably, an even more carefully worded opposition to any plan under which Germany would be given a say in the use of atomic weapons. It seems likely that the joint communiqué from Moscow at the end of de Gaulle's visit will insist that all the problems of Europe (including Germany) are best solved by its inhabitants.

De Gaulle will not recognize East Germany. He will not accept Soviet supremacy over Eastern Europe (he sent his foreign minister recently to Bucharest, Sofia and Warsaw to show that his mission to Moscow is to the capital of Russia, not that of Eastern Europe. And Couve de Murville will soon carry the same message to Prague and Budapest). He will not come to any agreement with the Soviets concerning Asia, the Middle East, Africa (where Franco-Soviet interests clash sharply in many places), Latin America (though both parties are likely in private to condemn American interventions there). There will be memorable ceremonies, elegantly worded speeches, military displays, trips to industrial plants and to Russian cultural landmarks.

But there will be something else, something which none of the Russians or Frenchmen will forget for one moment: 40 French Mirage IV bombers (60 before 1966 is over), each capable of delivering a Hiroshima-type "baby atom bomb" on Western Russia, and none capable of crossing the Atlantic.

There also in the background of the Moscow talks will be the knowledge of construction which has started in Upper Provence, one of France's poorest and most thinly populated areas, where villages and vast tracts of unfertile soil have been abandoned by the peasants in recent decades. In this cavernous country, French army engineers are digging 35 deep silos. By 1970, they will house French medium-range ballistic missiles, equipped with "baby-size" nuclear warheads. The range of these weapons again is 2,000 miles – enough to reach Moscow, Kiev and Odessa, but not enough to reach New York or Washington.

This is the most convincing proof that despite his retreat from NATO and his trip to Moscow, de Gaulle still sees France as part of a Western alliance which has only one potential enemy. That enemy is the not the US.

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No Fire This Time

Andrew Kopkind on the Civil Rights Conference

How far the recent White House Conference will go "to fulfill these rights" remains to be seen. Clifford Alexander, the White House Negro-à-go-go, thought it was a "can-do conference" filled with "action items." But the only item allowed was a 100-page report by the Conference's 30-member Council, published in a rather intimidating booklet (on thick cream paper with a gold-embossed presidential eagle) before the proceedings began. Action was discouraged, if not exactly paralyzed, by a tightly structured program, CIA-worthy controls, and a huge "consensus" guest list that included everyone from Roy Wilkins to Marlon Brando to Governor Paul Johnson of Mississippi.

From the White House's point of view, the Conference was intended to put a large national constituency behind a series of legislative proposals that may be handed to Congress whenever the occasions arise. It was a less imaginative concept than the one President Johnson seemed to have in mind a year ago in his Howard University commencement speech. Then, he called for a thoroughgoing reappraisal of the problems of the Negro, not just a conference to devise new legislation, but proposals "to shatter forever not only the barriers of law and public practice, but the walls which bound the condition of man by the color of his skin."

All other considerations aside, the rhetoric of civil rights needs some modernization. There is a yawning gulf between what poor Negroes think they need and what white politicians think they should get. Opinions vary, but many think "fulfillment" of Negroes' rights will entail expenditures of hundreds of billions of dollars on housing, education and jobs, and changes across the board in national policy on the responsibility of the federal government to promote integration, not simply to eliminate discrimination. The government is willing to seek national fair-housing legislation (although Congress, and the white population, may not be ready to accept it); Negroes want destruction of the ghettoes, and the construction of mixed-income housing in the suburbs. The Administration is committed to ensuring that employers do not discriminate in hiring practices; Negroes want vast public-works projects, preferential hiring, and subsidized job-creation in private industry. Officials talk about protecting the security of civil rights workers and improving the public relations of the police; Negroes want to change the role of the police in the ghettoes and in the rural South, from a position of mastery to one of servitude. And so on.

The Council's Report went some way to "validate," as one Conference staff member said, a number of these newer notions of what needs to be done: "Just a few months ago some of these proposals were products of pretty far-out groups; the Report raises them to a respectable level of advocacy. They are points of propaganda – to be hammered away at."

But as any kind of "magna carta" for the Negro underclass, the Report is deficient. It merely hints at the idea of a guaranteed annual income. The problem of police relations in the ghetto – the proximate cause of the revolt in Watts – got more or less conventional treatment; there were recommendations for federal assistance in training, hiring and standard-setting for policemen and establishment of biracial committees – all perhaps helpful in the long run but of little value in lowering tensions in the ghetto this summer or next.

Other sections were better. The education proposals would set national policy in favor of "reducing racial concentration in the schools" – that is, ending *de facto* segregation. Housing recommendations urged a construction program and enforced integration. There were proposals to set national welfare standards, and a new federal public works and services program.

Instead of giving the Report power and momentum, the presence of the 2,400 "delegates" seemed to detract from its importance. A. Philip Randolph, the permanent honorary chairman of the movement (as well as the Conference), opened the sessions with a remark that civil rights activity has passed its "peak"; he hoped that the Conference could start things up again. The opposite seemed to be happening. The Conference had the effect of anesthetizing the movement. It was a kind of strictly controlled March on Washington – a "Seminar on Washington," as one delegate described it. "Politically, it's a plus for the President," a Conference official said. In August, 1963, the Administration had to share the benefits of the March with Negro leaders; President Kennedy had asked to speak at the Lincoln Memorial, and had been refused permission. This time, there was no doubt as to who was leading the March. All power flowed from the White House. Vice President Humphrey came to the opening meeting and President Johnson spoke later in the evening, after he had been assured that all was going well and that the enthusiasm of the audience could be delivered up to him. The

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nature of the Conference as well as its policies successfully left the "radicals" out (SNCC and various ghetto organizations boycotted and picketed the sessions) and engulfed the militants who decided to attend. Poor Negroes in the rural South and the urban slums could not hope to compete with the sophisticated political styles of the middle-class Negroes who dominated the Conference. "The Conference didn't seem at all strange for Roy Wilkins or Whitney Young," one delegate said, "but it was completely removed from the experience of the people from Watts or Bogalusa." The boycotters suspected that if they attended they would be plugged into a consensus which they did not share. Those who did attend in spite of such fears found that "working from the inside" didn't get them far.

Floyd McKissick, the national director of CORE, had first charged that the Conference was "rigged," and then that it was "a hoax," but he chose to participate. He succeeded in getting the rules changed to permit floor votes on proposals, and after a few of his resolutions passed, saw that they were swallowed up in the dreary proceedings to no noticeable effect. Only his resolution condemning the war in Vietnam attracted attention, and it was roundly defeated.

The Administration played out an elaborate coronation ceremony for its chosen leaders. Mr. Johnson sanctified Wilkins and Randolph as president and chairman of the board. Thurgood Marshall, the US Solicitor General, gave the first night's keynote speech, in which he made explicit the Administration's assumption that the movement has moved to the White House and Capitol Hill. More than one speaker referred to the President as the leader of the civil rights movement.

Those whose views differ from the President's found themselves excluded from the general laying on of hands. Martin Luther King (who has spoken against the war, and now seems to be trying to build a "black power bloc" against Mayor Daley in Chicago) was a forgotten man. He secluded himself for two days in his room and did not show up for Roy Wilkins' wind-up speech. McKissick, out of preference or penchant, played comic relief. Scattered militants were drowned out in the general drone of speeches. The thousands of delegates were divided into 10 committees to discuss the Report. Dr. Samuel Nabrit, on leave as president of Howard University to be deputy UN Ambassador, ran *his* committee like a kindergarten; he referred to McKissick as "Mac" (the two men are not on a nickname basis) and told delegates to stand up, sit down, raise their hands, introduce themselves, speak or be quiet, in humiliating tones. By the second day, attendance in the committees was thin.

If there was any action it was in the lobbies and the suites outside. The Conference assumed the air of a national political convention, and it presented white observers (one of them said) "with a fascinating view of the Negro establishment at work revising its pecking order." Every Negro politician in the country was there, caucusing, wheeling and dealing, building and demolishing alliances. All the activity took place in the framework of Democratic Party politics. Deputy party chairman Louis Martin was on hand (he arranged the compromise to allow floor resolutions) to give everyone a sense of purpose. In a sense, a staffer remarked, "it's Louie Martin's convention." The Council Report served as a point of reference rather than a plan of action.

The judgment that the civil rights movement had "peaked" was accurate, insofar as the leaders at the Conference have seen it. They are, as someone joked, the "alumni association" of the movement. To stay in power, the Negro leaders must keep control of their old following, and they use the general fear of "explosions" of poor Negroes as a lever to get white consent for their demands. "Let me warn this Conference," A. Philip Randolph said, "that the Negro ghettoes in every city are now areas of tension and socio-racial dynamite, near the brink of explosions of violence like that at Watts in Los Angeles." But the truth is that the leaders at the Conference have a diminishing, rather than growing following around the country.

The Negro leaders like to compare the civil rights drive to the labor movement. But there is a difference, too. Labor was "accepted" when its major demands had been met; the demands of the Negroes have hardly begun to be satisfied.

Many of the delegates held the comforting view that all it will take "to fulfill these rights" is propagandizing, advocacy and political maneuvering. That was the basic premise of the Conference, the reason that conservative businessmen, segregationist politicians and "private citizens" chosen at random were invited.

The evidence in Watts, Harlem, the Mississippi Delta, Westside and Southside Chicago, and the other depositories of the Negro (and Caucasian) poor suggests, however, that the opposite may be true, that most whites have no desire to be integrated, and no intention of allocating enough of their community's resources to the poor to make a real difference in their lives. If that is the case, White House conferences will not be much help. Civil rights legislation and social reforms have come about as a result of direct action at the local level, in political and economic forms, as well as in the streets. The 1964 Act followed Birmingham, the Voting Rights Act was a product of Selma, and all the thousands of changes in local power structures have been in response to the expression of whatever power the Negro community can muster. The Conference confirmed the existence of that power; it cannot extend it. The next phase in the movement seems to be in the hands of those who weren't there.

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Why Balaguer Won

Anatomy of a Revolution That Failed

by Selden Rodman

Santo Domingo

At 8 p.m. on election night the scene in the lobby of the Embajador Hotel was hilarious. The count on the blackboard, containing returns from a dozen polling places in the capital, had Juan Bosch leading 6,347 to Joaquin Balaguer's 4,031. Jules Dubois, correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, had just announced that Balaguer would win by a landslide. The other newspapermen and TV reporters were laughing uproariously.

The Embajador, it should be noted, is the source of most news and all scuttlebutt in the Dominican Republic. It is also the headquarters of Ambassador-at-Large Ellsworth Bunker, liaison between the OAS occupation forces and Provisional President Héctor García Godoy, who took office September 3, 1965, terminating the armed confrontation between General Antonio Imbert's improvised right-wing regime and Colonel Francisco Caamaño Deñó's embattled rebels in downtown Santo Domingo. The Embajador is the only tourist hotel in the republic which is operational. And like almost everything else physically substantial in this country, it was built (and bugged) by Generalissimo Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina in the final splurge of bread-and-circuses that preceded his assassination May 30, 1961.

It was not so much the disparity between Dubois' cocky statement and the early returns that was causing the laughter; it was rather the product of a certain overconfidence on the part of the liberals, the residue of an emotional attitude dating back to the week of revolution and intervention (April 24-30, 1965): Bosch *should* win. After all, had he not been the first freely elected president since the 30 years' terror ended? Had he not overwhelmed in the December, 1962 election the very people who were now supporting Balaguer? Had not he (Bosch) been overthrown by a committee of Trujillista generals eight months later? Had not the April revolution erupted to bring Bosch back? And was not his opponent Trujillo's last hand-picked puppet? All true, incontestably. But the newsmen, who had opposed the American intervention a year ago April almost to a man, were making from these facts a shaky deduction. They were reasoning that the charisma that blazed in absentia around the craggy features and white thatch of Juan Bosch had survived intact from those heroic April days right through all the events of the 13 months that followed. They were making little, if any, allowance for the following chain of events:

When the April revolution broke out spontaneously, people had momentarily forgotten (and perhaps rightly so) that Bosch had been an extremely weak, ambivalent president. When he was ousted by General Wessin's *camarilla* and driven unceremoniously from the capital September 25, 1963, hardly a voice had been raised and not a shot was fired to protest his ejection. But in the joy of April, 1965 attending the fallen idol's imminent return, Bosch was suddenly as popular as he had ever been.

Unfortunately Bosch did *not* return. He did not take command of the street-fighters and disaffected army officers, and that was the first minus-quantity in the unstable equation of the newsmen. As everyone knows, *machismo* (male courage) is more valued among Hispanic peoples than any other trait. By leaving his followers to fight and die on the barricades while he directed operations from an American sanctuary – all the while accusing the United States of having intervened only to preserve the prerogatives of the oligarchs and the military – Bosch was not only undercutting his own image, he was unwittingly rehabilitating ours. For in the months that followed, it became clear to most Dominicans that the United States, in its attempt to compensate for such egregious blunders as intervention-without-OAS-consultation, supporting General Imbert in May of 1965, and scuttling the Bundy-Guzmán formula in June, was, if not actually turning toward Bosch, at least wholeheartedly backing García Godoy's effort to eliminate the power of the right-wing politicians in the Dominican military establishment, and even acquiescing in the provisional president's strategic concession to the far left – recognizing the "legiti-

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macy" of their political control of the University of Santo Domingo.

Bosch's first major mistake in his second campaign was to confirm the public impression of timidity by never venturing into the provinces where Balaguer was conducting a vigorous campaign. The frail Balaguer had been threatened with assassination, too; but it was the husky Bosch who only left his heavily guarded home in Santo Domingo three times in eight months, and appeared not once on television – the medium on which he had scored decisively three years before.

His second major error was made only a week before election day. This was to release a taped radio message advising members of his party, the PRD, to come to the polls armed with rocks and clubs. This may well have cost Bosch the election, for until then he seems to have been leading by a comfortable margin. It wasn't so much that the voters resented the imputation that their freedom to choose would be abrogated, or that the provisional government would not provide protection at the polls (which it did). It was rather that immediately in the public mind there arose the specter of chronic revolution. Was this a veiled hint that the mob in downtown Santo Domingo should take to the streets again? That the *tigres* – armed bandits without political affiliation – would feel free to roam again by night? That the thousands of rifles and submachine guns, cached away in the countryside after the August, 1965 Act of Reconciliation by the Castroite "14 June" and the two other Communist paramilitary commands, would be brought out of hiding? That Bosch and his moderate PRD, if elected, would yield control to the Marxists who had supported him?

Evidently this was the conclusion that a majority of the electorate now came to. Early in the morning of June 1 a printed leaflet headed "*Partido Revolucionario Dominicano*" [PRD] was thrown from a passing car at a number of polling places in the capital. It purported to give the roster of the cabinet that Bosch had already drawn up. A number of excellent choices were included. But Mejia Ricart and Tolentino Dipp, known Communists, were listed as ministers of agrarian reform and education. Colonel Caamaño was down as minister of the armed forces, and Diego Bordas, a millionaire whose record in the first Bosch cabinet had been unsavory, was back in his old post as minister of industry. The roster was obviously bogus and had been distributed by an ultra-rightist group, but it may have served to strengthen the suspicions of a few uncommitted middle-class voters in the capital.

Apart from this, no last-minute attempt to influence voters fraudulently was noted. The provisional government's Central Electoral Commission, the 42 observers sent by the OAS, and the 70-man team that accompanied Bayard Rustin and Norman Thomas (whose sympathy for the Bosch cause was on record) were unanimous in declaring that to the best of their knowledge the voting had been fair and without intimidation. The tension that developed in the streets June 2 and the sporadic acts of violence that have ensued may be ascribed entirely to Juan Bosch's failure to accept defeat gracefully. Had he done so, there could have been no grounds for the hope that now began to surge among the far leftists; no authority to delude susceptible Dominicans into believing, as one of the leftists put it, that "the *Yanquis*, the oligarchs, the *genocidas* [mass-murderers] and the party of Balaguer have perpetrated a monstrous fraud against the popular will that elected Juan Bosch president of the republic."

Campaigning – American Style

In the days immediately preceding the election I took occasion to visit with both major candidates, and to interview as well Ambassador Bunker and Provisional President García Godoy, Héctor Aristy (Colonel Caamaño's deputy who headed a movement called "24 April" – at least until June 4 when his followers shot it out with the police and Aristy went into hiding), and Fidelio Despradél Roque, leader of the "hard-line" faction of the Castroite "14 June" movement.

The contrast between Juan Bosch's home and PRD headquarters on the one hand, and the home of Joaquin Balaguer which doubled as campaign headquarters for his *Reformista* Party, was illuminating. On the day before elections, PRD headquarters was a scene of surprising confusion. The publicity office was unmanned. Not a single piece of campaign literature could be obtained. Hangers-on by the score were milling about to no apparent purpose. Bosch's home seemed less disorganized, but perhaps only because the armed "frogmen" who guarded it were letting very few reporters in. I drove to it with Buenaventura Sanchez, who had been minister of education in Bosch's 1963 cabinet but had broken with Bosch in April when Sanchez had gone on record as saying that the American intervention had averted a blood-bath and a subsequent takeover of the state by the Communists; recently Sanchez had become reconciled to Bosch, and indeed campaigned for him so effectively in the southwest that this once-Balaguerista territory was the only rural area Bosch carried. We drove out along the *Avenida Jorge Washington* where Trujillo had been ambushed and I noted that the monument to the martyred assassins had been completely demolished, presumably a vandalism of the ultra-right. Bosch was more relaxed than when I had last seen him in San Juan – perhaps too relaxed – and was telling a Venezuelan correspondent that Balaguer had spent "a million dollars of American money" in the past week alone. Asked if he intended to co-

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operate with Balaguer in the event of the latter's victory, Bosch sidestepped the question by intimating that that would depend on *how* such an improbability had been managed.

Balaguer's home the same day appeared to be a model of efficiency. And of "bourgeois" wealth and comfort. Thousands of leatherbound books, including a complete law library, all protected by cellophane, filled the cases from floor to ceiling. Life-size family portraits and academic nudes in heavy baroque frames graced the stairwell. Busts of Duarte, Bolivar and Seneca, and a small picture of Chiang Kai-shek stood on the shelves. Flanked by two fat politicians, the birdlike Balaguer was taking his constitutional on the spacious second-story verandah, marching back and forth across the reporters' line of vision and talking animatedly. Dressed in a cheap, blue dacron suit and a collar several sizes too large for his scrawny neck, his brows were knitted in a reserved frown, his scholarly ascetic lips pursed, and the eyes behind his glasses not distinguishable. I spoke to him first, and much to my surprise he seemed to speak no English. I asked him how his economic program differed from Bosch's.

"He advocates state controls. I want free enterprise to develop new industries."

"Will you distribute more of the state-held Trujillo lands?"

"First I will legitimize title to these lands already haphazardly given away."

"Is the present Agrarian Reform Law a good one?"

"It is adequate. But up to now it hasn't been properly administered. I will also see to it that such practices as rotation of crops are taught to the new landholders."

"Will you put a time limit on the withdrawal of the OAS forces?"

"It depends on the situation here after elections. If it is good, they can be withdrawn rapidly. Every Dominican wants to see them go."

"Do you foresee further *coups*?"

"No. The OAS forces preclude one. And besides, the nation is better prepared for democracy than it was."

"In what way?"

"Neither the extreme left nor the extreme right wants to provoke another intervention. Certainly the big majority doesn't. I have faith in the secretary of the armed forces [General Enrique Pérez y Pérez who was appointed by García Godoy after the latter managed to send the principal right- and left-wing officers abroad]. He was once an attorney and he knows that the army must accept the results, whichever of us wins."

"What kind of US aid do you expect?"

"Economic aid to repair the ravages of the civil war. This new aid must be for public works, dams, electrification and so on. $300 million, as grant or loan, will be needed. *But we must plan how to use it*, for the first time, I might add – so that we'll have something to show for it."

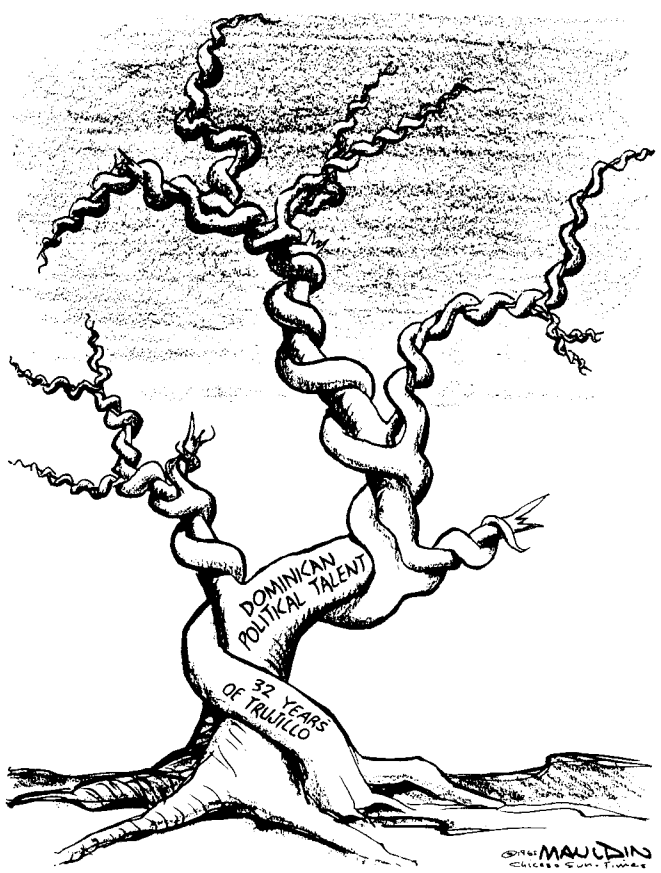
"How do you find the election atmosphere?"

"Very good. Like an American-style election, don't you think?"

"If you lose, will you remain here this time? And cooperate with the new president?"

"Definitely."

Balaguer looks down at his feet when he talks. He has no personal magnetism. Perhaps for this very reason he is trusted by the non-revolutionary element who believe him to be personally honest and not self-seeking. If he is elected, I thought to myself as I left, it will certainly prove that people are willing to pay any price for stability; even to settling for the status quo. Balaguer is generally conceded (even by Bosch) not to have associated himself directly with Trujillo's crimes. In the months following "Ramfis" Trujillo's exit, he gained considerable popularity with the Santo Domingo masses by distributing wholesale the glutted treasury of the official *Partido Dominicano* – and in the expulsion of the sadist-playboy, "Ramfis," Balaguer is considered to have played a major role. But these were negative qualifications, opportunist tactics if one chooses to be cynical. If he is to make any headway



The vine

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in rehabilitating the shattered Dominican economy, Balaguer will have to risk offending his oligarch friends: he will have to undertake fundamental social reforms, and he will have to be an almost Olympian conciliator of the 570,000-odd Dominicans who voted against him June 1 (754,409 voted for him) if he is to rule in tranquillity.

Anti-American Line

I was more impressed with the intelligence and style of Fidelio Despradél, the "14 June" leader, than I was with Caamaño's stand-in, Héctor Aristy. I had talked with Aristy before, in revolutionary headquarters during the fighting a year ago; he seemed to have learned nothing, and his dogmatic pronouncements now were delivered with a desperate shrillness. Like the homes of Bosch and Balaguer, Aristy's more modest quarters near the Jaragua Hotel were guarded by armed police of his own choosing. A gentleman, dressed smartly, with initials embroidered on a spotless white shirt and hair slicked back over his rather oriental mulatto features, the former gambling concessionaire delivered a line of stock anti-Americanism: "Donald Reid Cabral [the president whose overthrow touched off the April, 1965 revolt] was and is a member of the CIA. . . . Impossible? I have proof. The American Agency for International Development has demoralized our people. Where has the $300 million given us since Trujillo was killed gone? Not into the high dams and power stations we need, because that would interfere with American business. Bosch received no help from you when he was president except to pay salaries, and that at a high rate of interest." I mentioned the million-dollar school AID had built in Santiago. "All right, all right. But how does that stack up against the $180 million given Reid, the more millions given Imbert and García Godoy? We will take no more aid at six percent. . . . Where, then, will we go? To hell, if necessary, but we'll get it." I cited one recent loan that was at a much lower rate of interest. "All right. That was conscience money." Did he think the Norman Thomas poll-watchers would assure a clean election, I asked Aristy. "Their goodwill is obvious," he said, "but if they claim the election is fair in the event of a Balaguer victory – well, then they'll be helping you, not us."

Despradél talked to me at "14 June" headquarters two days before the elections. I'd been chatting with a group of party members on the balcony overlooking Calle Condé. One of them had just waved his arms and shouted, "We're fighting for liberty!" when the chief walked in and silenced them with a wave of his hand. "*I'll* make all the pronouncements from now on," he said. "These elections," he said to me when we'd retired into an inner chamber, "were imposed on us by your country – against our wishes. We support them because it is necessary to show the world that under fair conditions Bosch is bound to be elected, thus proving that the Dominican people are democratic-minded Constitutionalists. Our movement hasn't put up any national ticket. But we have candidates in 26 local races [none were elected]. We are fighting for four things: for democracy and liberty; to save the Constitution of 1963; to give power to the Constitutionalists in the armed forces; and to win back national sovereignty. Fundamentally we want to see a diffusion of power in the Western Hemisphere rather than domination by *any* great power."

Despradél is soft-spoken and literate: the United States used the "fake issue" of Communism in order to save the army and thus indirectly "American business." This view is widely held in the capital, despite the many signs which read "*Yanquis Go Home – and Take Us with You.*" For example, a cartoon in *Pum*, the humorous magazine, shows a towering GI patting a tiny Dominican soldier and saying to him, "You better be good, *muchacho*, because we might find it difficult to return and save you and your friends a second time." Despradél didn't anticipate a *coup* following "Bosch's election . . . but if there should be one later on there'll be an 'April 24' in every part of the country this time; we have the arms now. . . . Balaguer? He *can't* be elected."

I talked with Ellsworth Bunker just before the election, and with President García Godoy for an hour the night of June 1. Both are aristocrats, liberals, men with tremendous dedication to the democratic cause, and wits so infectious that they have triumphed over seemingly impossible obstacles. Bunker in his seventies is tall, lean, bronzed, straight as a ramrod, and with a face unlined. He exudes a sense of calm and confidence. His Boston Brahmin accent might be a drawback in American politics but it's an asset here. From the beginning, he gained the respect of all parties, Bosch and Caamaño included. The flavor of his personality may be indicated by the following. During the revolution he saw a painting by a rebel "primitive." It showed commandos under the Duarte bridge firing at Wessin's planes. The painting now hangs in Bunker's suite, and three others that he bought are in his home in Washington. "The artist," he told me, "gave me the title I like most. He calls me '*El Pato Macho de los Mangoneos*'. I translated that roughly: 'The Male Duck of the Wheeler-Dealers'."

García Godoy is not, of course, Bostonian; to be an aristocrat here you have to come from a family of revolutionists. García Godoy's grandfather was a great Dominican patriot who was shot while president and who in his youth had slain Ulises Heureaux, Trujillo's evil prototype. García Godoy's brother-in-law, and his adjutant during the past difficult months, has been Tomás

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Pastoriza, perhaps the ablest and most persuasive man in the Dominican Republic. García Godoy has occupied diplomatic posts in the past, and served briefly as foreign minister under Bosch; he also helped during the revolt to organize Balaguer's *Reformista* Party. It is now assumed that he will run for the presidency in 1970. Many hope that Pastoriza will also enter politics. Liberal aristocrats in the past have shunned the limelight; brains and higher education, in consequence, have seldom served the country.

García Godoy is 55 but gives the impression of being much younger. Balding, with a large head and small features, he speaks perfect English. Pressure had been put on him, as early as June of 1965, to form a provisional government with Pastoriza, Imbert and others; but he seems to have felt that this would only result in keeping the status quo within the armed forces, so he declined. Later on, when he felt he had a chance to ease the military out of politics, he accepted alone. It was not easy. For a long time Rivera Caminero, the rightist armed forces chief, refused to obey García Godoy's command to accept diplomatic assignment abroad. When he finally agreed, following a Bosch-directed general strike, the armed forces proposed three candidates from which the president was to select a new defense minister. He refused to accept any one of them, and for a time it was touch and go whether the military would oust him or force him to resign. In the end he prevailed, the non-political Pérez y Pérez was installed, and the recalcitrant generals were "promoted" to honorific posts. The *coup* didn't materialize – evidently not so much because García Godoy had the tacit backing of Bunker and the OAS forces, as because the Dominican militarists recognized that if they had forced the resignation of García Godoy and his whole government they would have been left defenseless before the aroused masses who almost overwhelmed them in May of 1965. As someone put it, "It is no longer the masses who fear the military here, but the military who fear the masses." In any event, García Godoy who had been labeled a "Communist" for going along with the Boschistas in the matter of the leftist University elections, was now (briefly) called a "militarist" for promoting the stubborn generals.

Back on the Democratic Track

It remains to be said that while the elections – if the outcome is finally accepted by Bosch – may have put the Dominican Republic back on the democratic track, neither President-elect Balaguer nor the government of the United States is going to have an easy time of it.

Balaguer has made a promising start by announcing that he will invite Bosch to serve under him. There was even a rumor in Santo Domingo the day after the election that he might invite Colonel Caamaño to return from Europe and serve as his defense minister, but this would hardly reassure the majority of officers in the armed forces and might not be accepted by them. Recognition of the "defeated" rebels and especially their reintegration in the various military commands is nevertheless a "must" if Balaguer is to govern effectively. Basic social reforms, heavy taxation of large landed estates that produce nothing, and the creation of an honest, nonpolitical civil service, are equally necessary. Reform of the educational system, which was never sound and is now in almost complete disarray, is still more basic to the future.

The "American problem" in the months ahead will not merely consist in living down the almost universal unpopularity of the intervention. It is equally important that the massive flow of American money now supporting the government and the economy be redirected in such a way as to emphasize self-help and grass-roots initiative. AID has a reputation, not only in the Dominican Republic but throughout Latin America, for putting its funds mainly into big, photogenic projects – thinking materially, in terms of quantity, rather than in terms of what is actually needed or wanted. Its so-called "small projects fund" with a budget of $250,000 is hopelessly stalled because each village schoolhouse must be made of concrete blocks with a metal roof and window frames; each well or latrine must meet "engineering specifications" and then go through a bureaucratic tangle of clearing committees.

One hopeful development is that pressure is now being put on AID to think more in terms of popular demand. The International Development Foundation, a consortium of 14 private American foundations, is financing a series of pilot projects here as well as in Peru, Bolivia and Chile, to think and act swiftly in response to local need. In contrast to AID, which can't build a single schoolroom for less than $2,000, IDF (with help from CARE, another evangelical low-budget operation) is now building 11 complete schools, with thatched roofs, for a total cost of $2,600. One hundred eighty-five village leaders have already received training from IDF to build their own cooperatives and other self-help institutions. "We don't tell a community what to build," says IDF refreshingly, "we ask what they want. Even if it's a *church*, we help them build it!" Operating with a yearly budget of less than $100,000 and a staff that consists of only three Americans and five Dominicans, IDF and such other down-to-earth organizations as CARE and the Peace Corps, are doing so much in a small way to stimulate local talent for self-government – and, incidentally, to repair the damaged American "image" – that there is even a chance the cumbersome machinery of the Alliance for Progress will get the message and start rolling.

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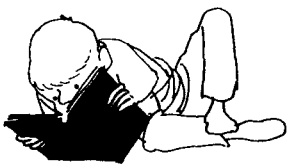
JULES FEIFFER

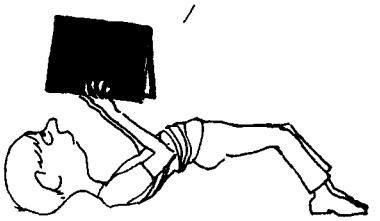
ONE DAY A LITTLE BOY WENT TO SEE THE EMPEROR ON PARADE AND SAW RIDING, GRINNING, AND WAVING IN A BUBBLE DOMED CARRIAGE A GIANT OF A MAN WHO WAS STARK NAKED.



"WHY," EXCLAIMED THE LITTLE BOY, "THE EMPEROR HAS **NO** CLOTHES!"

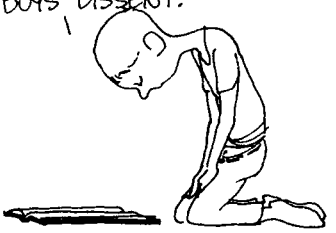
TO WHICH A WISE MAN REPLIED, "WHILE IT IS **JUST** CRITICISM TO QUARREL WITH THE EMPEROR IN HIS **TASTE** IN CLOTHES, IT IS **IRRESPONSIBLE** CRITICISM TO SAY HE IS NAKED BECAUSE THAT APPROACH FAILS TO OFFER AN ALTERNATIVE."

"BESIDES," SAID A SECOND WISE MAN, "HOW CAN YOU BE SO SURE THAT THE EMPEROR DOESN'T HAVE ACCESS TO MATERIAL THAT WE DON'T HAVE? WHAT YOU'RE **REALLY** OBJECTING TO IS **STYLE.**"



TO THIS A THIRD WISE MAN ADDED, "WHETHER OR NOT THE EMPEROR SHOULD HAVE GONE INTO THE STREET WITHOUT CLOTHES IS NOW MERELY A DEBATER'S POINT. THE FACT IS THAT HE IS THERE, AND WE ARE COMMITTED."

WHEREUPON ALL THE WISE MEN CALLED FOR UNITY IN THE FACE OF DIVISIVENESS WHILE REMINDING THEMSELVES OF THE IMPORTANCE OF TOLERATING THE LITTLE BOY'S DISSENT.



OR, AS THE EMPEROR WHO HAD TAPPED THE DIALOGUE WAS TO LATER PUT IT, "ONLY IN AN ATMOSPHERE OF FREE DEBATE CAN WE DETERMINE THE FACTS."

MORAL: THE EMPEROR HAS CLOTHES, YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT.

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6-12

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Warnings from the Grave

by Stephen Spender

Poetry is a balancing of unconscious and conscious forces in the mind of the poet, the source of the poetry being the unconscious, the control being provided by the conscious. If the poet thinks about his poetic ego, he visualizes, I suppose, a point at which consciousness and unconsciousness meet. The unconscious forces are below the threshold at which he becomes aware of himself as having an identity; but his "name" also is below the threshold where it requires attributes of character, performer, reputation, family, and all those things. That is why labels attached by chairmen, editors and award givers to poets are so irrelevant. Today, it is true, they have become the apparatus whereby the poet keeps himself afloat in life for the purpose of writing his poetry. But that as much importance is attached to labels is part of the general disgrace attached to the life of the imagination in our time.

Ariel
Poems by Sylvia Plath
(Harper and Row; $4.95)

If you consider the quality suggested by the name "Keats" in a poem by that poet, it has little to do with his biography, his critical reputation, his place in the anthologies. It has, rather, two aspects. First, "Keats" is a suffusing quality of sensibility in a poem of Keats, a climate, or like the color of a sunset, a glow affecting all objects seen in that light. Secondly, though, there is something more personal than this, something like the feel of a pulse on the wrist, the throb of blood in the rhythm of:

> Forlorn! The very word is like a bell
> To toll thee back from thee to my sole self!

Today, true poets must feel, I think, a growing distrust of their own "names" which are to an ever-increasing extent sold to the reading public, or listening audience, on grounds totally irrelevant to poetry (the poet's achievements, academic status, or unacademic misdemeanors, etc.). The result is that poets find themselves forced to escape from their public persona, either into their unconscious pre-named-and-labelled activity, or into an intellectualism which rises superior to the givers of labels. Sometimes, as with Robert Lowell, these two opposites seem combined: an extreme intellectuality is fused with an ability to plunge into the subconscious depths. Reading Berryman, Jarrell, Lowell, Roethke, and now this posthumous collection of Sylvia Plath, one is forced to take note that with some of the best recent poets, even though one does not immediately connect them with Rimbaud, a program of the poet "cultivating his hysteria" seems to have become very serious indeed.

Sylvia Plath's poems in this volume (which were written immediately after the birth of a child, and shortly before she committed suicide) come out of a consciousness which is unique, immensely forceful, but which is below the threshold of what I have here described as the second kind of poetic naming, in which you can put your finger on a line and say "this is Sylvia Plath." Their power, their decisiveness, the positiveness and starkness of their outline, are decided not by an identifiable poetic personality expressing herself, but by the poet, a woman finding herself in a situation, out of which she produces these disconcerting, terrifying poems. The guarantees of the authenticity of the situation are insanity (or near-insanity) and death. All the way through we feel that the last thing the poet cares about is her book, her name, whether she will get a critical accolade, a Book Award, a Pulitzer, a Guggenheim, or whatever. She is writing out of a pure need of expression, certified, as I say, by death. The miracle is an effect of controlled uncontrolledness. As one reads on, one begins to seek the dark outlines of a mythology of people and places which provide the structure of the control, the landmarks among which the poetry is moving. There is the German and Austrian background (Sylvia Plath was born in Boston in 1932 of German and Austrian parents), feelings about her German father (which correspond rather to those of Theodore Roethke about his) concentration camps, her daughter, and her son, her husband (the English poet, Ted

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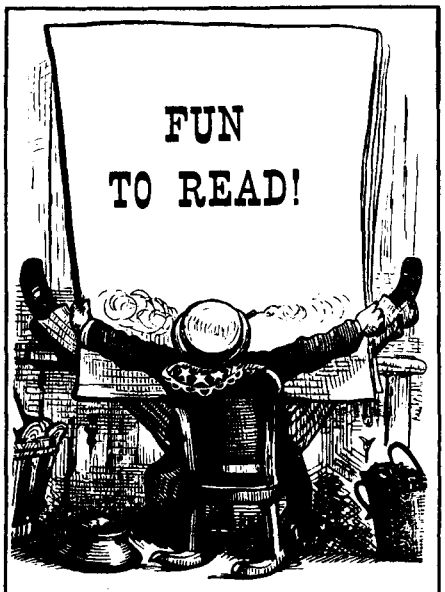

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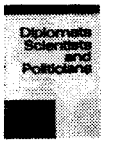

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Hughes), the Cornish landscape, villagers, the sea. Probably at some later stage, critics will chart this autobiographic territory. One will be grateful when they do this, but one can be grateful also that they have not done so already. Part of the impressiveness of these poems is the feeling they give the reader of finding his way darkly through a dark and ominous landscape.

The landscape is an entirely interior, mental one in which external objects have become converted into symbols of hysterical vision:

This is my property.
Two times a day
I pace it, sniffing
The barbarous holly with its viridian
Scallops, pure iron,
And the wall of old corpses.

I love them.
I love them like history.
The apples are golden,
Imagine it –
My seventy trees
Holding their gold-ruddy balls
In a thick grey death-soup,
Their million
Gold leaves metal and breathless.

One can enjoy the "description" in this, the autumn-golden apples in the grey-soup mist. All the same, this nature is not in the least alleviating, it is not outside the poet, it is not the great furniture of the continuity of the seasonal earth, on which the distraught mind can rest. Or if there are some externals in these poems (they do give one a strong panicky feeling of kitchens, utensils, babies, gardens) they exist in an atmosphere where the external is in immediate process of becoming the internal, opposites identical with one another.

The same fusion of opposites applies to the feelings expressed. Sylvia Plath's imagination does not, like D. H. Lawrence's, merely oscillate between feelings of love and of hatred. With her the two attitudes seem completely fused. How else can one take lines like these?

Darling, all night
I have been flickering, on, off, on.
The sheets grow heavy as a lecher's kiss.

Three days. Three nights.
Lemon water, chicken
Water, water make me retch.

I am too pure for you or anyone.
Your body hurts me as the world hurts God.

Considered simply as art, these poems have line to line power and rhythm which, though repetitive, is too dynamic to be monotonous. Beyond this, they don't have "form." From poem to poem they have little principle of beginning or ending, but seem fragments, not so much of one long poem, as of an outpouring which could only stop with the lapsing of the poet's hysteria. In this respect they have to be considered emotional-mystical poetry, like the poems of St. John of the Cross, in which the length of the poem is decided by the duration of the poet's vision, which is far more serious to the poet than formal considerations.

They are like nothing more than

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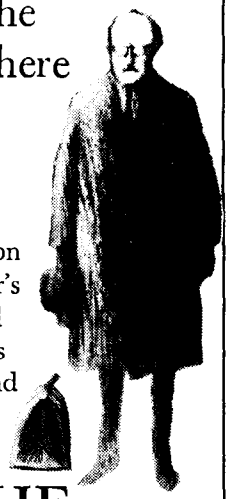

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poems of prophecy, written by some priestess cultivating her hysteria, come out of Nazi and war-torn Europe, gone to America, and then situated on the rocky Cornish Atlantic coast. One does not think of Clytemnestra as *a hysteric*: one thinks of her as hysterical for very good reasons, against which she *warns*. Sylvia Plath would have agreed with Wilfred Owen that "all a poet can do today is to warn." But being a woman, her warning is more shrill, penetrating, visionary than Owen's. Owen's came out of the particular circumstances of the trenches, and there is nothing to make us think that if he had not been on the Western Front – the mud and blood into which his nose was rubbed – he would not have warned anyone about anything at all. He would have been a nice chap and a quiet poet. With Sylvia Plath, her femininity is that her hysteria comes completely out of herself, and yet seems about all of us. And she has turned our horrors and our achievements into the same witches' brew. In the following lines one feels that a space man promenading in space is not too distant a relation from a man in a concentration camp, and that everything is a symptom of the same holocaust:

The same fire

Melting the tallow heretics,
Ousting the Jews.

Their thick palls float

Over the cicatrix of Poland, burnt-out
Germany.
They do not die.

Grey birds obsess my heart,
Mouth-ash, ash of eye.
They settle. On the high

Precipice
That emptied one man into space
The ovens glowed like heavens incandescent.

It is a heart,
This holocaust I walk in,
O golden child the world will kill and eat.

As with all visionary poetry, one can sup here on horror even with enjoyment.

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Humidification Engineer

by Honor Tracy

We know the kind of American novel that seems as if it will never end. Here, the reader may ask himself if it is ever going to begin. It does start languidly moving on page 49, when Barrett, The Last Gentleman, a Southerner of course, meets Dr. Vaught, also Southern. In the 360 pages that follow we watch his growing entanglement with old Dr. Vaught's family: how Barrett's

The Last Gentleman
by Walker Percy
(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $5.95)

infatuation with Vaught's daughter Kitty waxes and wanes; how he devotes himself to son Jamie, young and dying; how fascinated he is by older son Sutter Vaught, brilliant and detrimental, a ruined doctor; how repelled he is by second daughter Val, bitter, ruthless Catholic nun.

First, however, we are treated to 27 pages of summary, intended to buttress the author's contention that Barrett is an unusual young man. But how unusual is he really? True, he has bouts of amnesia, when he wanders vaguely far and wide, trying to think who he is; but that is a mental condition rather than a personal quality. The feeling he often gets that something experienced has happened before in just the same way is familiar to most of us. Apart from all this, he is simply a pleasant, aimless young man, unsure of himself and of the place in the world he ought to or could be taking. "He made the highest possible scores on psychological aptitude tests. . . . The trouble was he couldn't think what to do between tests."

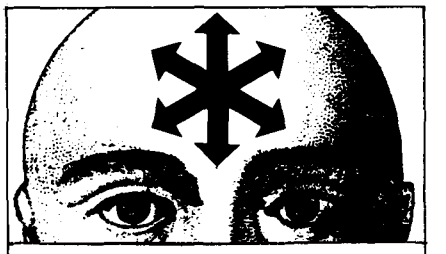
Equally open to question is the appellation of "gentleman." Barrett has agreeable manners, to be sure, and is ever ready with "sir" and "ma'am"; but his first act in the book is to spy on two unknown women through a telescope and he has a high old time of it reading Dr. Sutter's private casebooks. And why, if a gentleman at all, he should be the last one, is plumb mysterious.

After the summary comes an account of Barrett's thousandth and final visit to Dr. Gamov, his psychoanalyst. The episode is deliciously funny, made all the funnier by the suspicion one has that the author did not altogether intend it to be. One of Barrett's "problems" is that he is ill at ease in a group, particularly in a group enjoying itself in a groupy kind of way, and that even when he has schooled himself to participation in groups he fails to distinguish between one sort and another. He brings a plebeian friend to the Siberian Gentlemen's weekly gathering and entertains an interracial group with an account of how some Harlem thugs had beaten him up. All this surely is the mark of a free and innocent intelligence rather than of a neurosis, proving him capable of finer satisfaction than those of just being a regular guy; but Dr. Gamov, who if anything is more of a nut than his patient, works like a beaver to cure it.

The treatment has lasted five years and cost about $18,000; and, as Barrett's whole capital was $17,000, as he has just laid out $1,900 on the telescope, and as he earns but a modest wage as "humidification engineer," or nightwatchman, it is undoubtedly canny of him to call a halt. Doctor and patient take leave of each other with a certain lack of warmth.

And now, at last, we are off. Barrett follows one of the women he spied on into a hospital, lounges about there, gets talking to Dr. Vaught who is anxiously waiting for news of his son. They discover that they are from the same region and know the same people, which apparently is reason enough for close and immediate friendship. From that moment Barrett is firmly caught in the family web, except when a bout of amnesia intervenes and takes him off on a fugue.

This is a curious, unfocused novel that rambles along with the wooden, almost arthritic, gait so often found in the work of writers who begin in middle age. Individual parts are excellent, but fail to cohere in an intelligible whole: indeed, it is difficult to see what precisely the author is at. A quotation from Kierkegaard on the flyleaf, "If a



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— *Senator J. W. Fulbright*

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Vietnam has distracted America's attention from some of the broader issues affecting man's life in the world today. The Spring 1966 issue of DÆDALUS, "Conditions of World Order," concentrates on these more permanent questions.

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Can societies which remain fundamentally different live together harmoniously? This is the principal concern of the Spring 1966 issue of *DÆDALUS*, the quarterly journal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

As Raymond Aron, the guest editor of the volume has suggested, "we may be witnessing the beginning of an 'Age of Universal History' — for the first time nations and people form a single world system — yet the old cultural diversities persist, new sources of conflict have appeared, and these very conditions constitute the major factors influencing world order. The persistence of these diversities we consider to be inevitable; homogeneity will not soon prevail. Consequently, the problem is to understand, first, how and whether such diversities imperil international stability, and, secondly, how it is possible to organize so that there can be peaceful coexistence between societies which remain fundamentally different."

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man cannot forget, he will never amount to much," is presumably offered as a clue; but Barrett for all his amnesia, hardly amounts to much either and it may also be doubted if Kierkegaard had cases like his in mind.

Of the characters, Kitty, the fine healthy American girl and obvious future clubwoman, who Barrett wants and doesn't want to marry, comes nearest to being flesh and blood. Sutter, with his belief in lewdness and pornography as the Rock of our chaotic age, is a frame of mind, even if an interesting one. So is Val, who accepts the Catholic doctrine *in toto* but on whose angry heart the grace of God has never fallen. For all the perception that the author brings to Jamie, he remains just a dying youth rather than one particular boy.

The strength of the book is in the detail. The brief sketches of Negro working-people are admirable, delicate, unpatronizing, drawn with an intuitive sympathy that reminds one of Faulkner; and throughout we continually come on a flash of humor, an original point of view, a pungent observation, a fine descriptive passage. "Last summer's grass was as coarse and yellow as lion's hair and worn bare in spots, exposing the tough old hide of the earth," he writes of Central Park; and there is a memorable page or so where Val explains her nasty self, feeding a hawk with offal as she speaks. Mr. Percy has a keen warm eye for nature, for trees, animals and birds, although ornithologists may be surprised at his remark that "one real robin does suggest a spring." He is at his best looking outward at the world before his eyes, rather than fumbling about in people's inner consciousness.

A last little pedantic note, about his continual reference to a paper called *The Times*. There is only one such in the world, and it is not published in New York.

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SNCC and The White House

Sirs:

Your note, "Is Integration Irrelevant?" (June 4) entirely misses the point of SNCC's emphasis on black power. Indeed, SNCC is raising a question of black *power*, not simply the "self-respect by self-help" more common to Booker T. Washington and some (not all) Muslim groups. I'm afraid that the "unwelcome, even ugly results" you envision are more likely to flow from well-intentioned resistance to the SNCC trend than from the trend itself, for your editorial will only be interpreted as an old-fashioned appeal to "go slow."

When oppressed people realize that their liberation is contingent on wresting away and altering the instruments of their oppression, why is this "racism in reverse"? Was the resistance of German Jews (whatever there was of it) "Nazism in reverse"? American revolutionaries fighting British troops, were they "colonialists in reverse"? Deprived of logic, your chastisement sounds strangely akin to the "uppity Negro" epithet; the language has changed, but the meaning seems not so different.

If anything is *almost* irrelevant it is Title IV of the 1966 civil rights bill. What will it do for the displaced cotton-choppers and evicted sharecroppers of the Deep South, or for the ghetto people who can't afford lawyers to sue discriminatory landlords, or who can't find decent work to pay classy rents, or who suffer the tyranny of welfare bureaucracies? A "long step forward," you say, but what does it have to do with the need to reconstruct the ghettoes? Window dressing can easily obscure the rotting planks inside. Let Congress pass the bill, but let it not think it is accomplishing very much – except further to confirm the belief of certain Negro leaders that the President is their man, and that the dissidents "don't know what's good for them."

You also neglect to mention the other reason SNCC gave for boycotting the White House Conference: that they could not trust in the beneficence of the man who burns villages, or help to

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legitimize that man. Is this "racism in reverse" too? Or might their internationalism be a little fuller than that of many of their ex-friends?

SNCC is not telling white supporters that they may march in the movement only as auxiliaries. Quite the contrary, they are pleading that whites organize movements of white allies, that we create centers of opposition in the very places where racism grows, that we translate guilt and conscience into counterpart organizations among poor whites and in the clucking suburbs, so that power can be shared among equals and not doled out as pleasantry and reward. We are not merely auxiliary if we realize the work we must do, and do it.

Todd Gitlin
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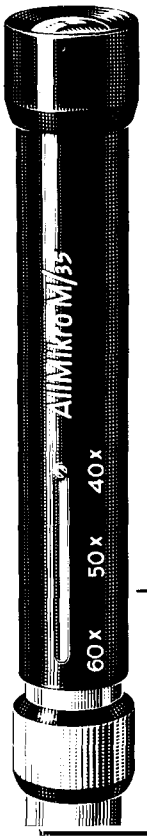

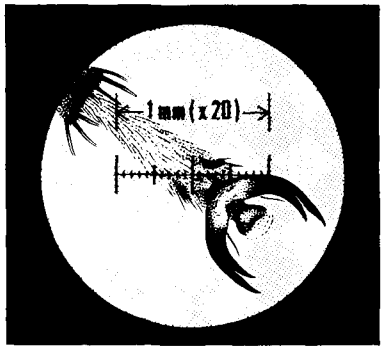

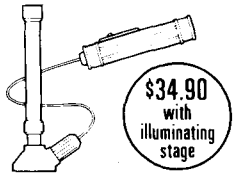

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